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THE  
BRIDE  
OF  
PALENCIA,  
A POEM.

BY  
FRANK HALL STANDISH, ESQ.

---

*“Οὐ πάντα τὰ ἔλκεα ἀκεστά.”*

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LONDON :  
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1837.



**Dedication.**

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TO

***SIR WILLIAM EDEN, Bart.***

***This Work***

IS DEDICATED BY

***THE AUTHOR.***





## PREFACE.

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I ADJOIN, from an old Spanish Writer, the Subject of my Poem. I beg those who are unacquainted with Spanish to observe, that "Juan" is pronounced "Whan" in that tongue, and that "Patio" means a Court Yard, where in the heats, as the Arabs, the Spaniards receive and pay visits;—that "Monja" means a Nun; and that the Alcalde Ronquillo strangled a very worthy man, and was not punished for doing so. I believe now that I have explained what is necessary. I have altered "Juana" to "Adela," because the British pronounce "Whanna" "Jewanna;" and "Adela" I thought a prettier name than what "Juana" would be in their faulty pronunciation.



POR los años de gracia 1554, habia en la noble ciudad de. “Palencia!” una plaza que se llamaba del “Azafranal;” en esta habia una iglesia que se llamaba,” Nuestra Señora de los Afligidos. Acaeció que la noche de unos de los primeros dias del mes de Agosto fuese fria y destemplada, y que soplase el viento con tanta furia y horror como si se estuviera en Diciembre; acaecio tambien que, hacia las doce de la noche, dos hombres muy embozados, en sus grandes capas, estaban recostados contra las paredes de la iglesia, y tan inmóviles estaban, que parecian un adorno del gótico edificio, lo que en verdad era curioso de ver.— Aunque la noche estaba oscura, no la estaba tal vez bastante al gusto y buen deseo de los incógnitos, sobre todo del mas alto, que solia decir en voz muy baja a su inmovil compañero: “Lo que tarde el Sácristan.” Alarcon, si “acierta à pasar alguien por aquí y nos “conoce? que sera de mi honra?” Cinco minutos de dicho este la ultima vez, se acercó con paso muy lento y al parecer temeroso à los dos bultos, un nuevo bulto de mas tosca apariencia, y dijo con voz confusa “San Antonio,” y el mas alto de los que esperaban le contestó,”——“Santa Maria,” Dicho lo cual, el ultimo llegado se acercó à las puertas del templo y con tino y recelo las abrió; mirando à todos lados por si alguien acechaba.—Despues que habia abierto, los tres entraron y cerraron de nuevo la puerta aunque no con llave.—Acaecio tambien que un honrado hidalgo del Sequido

de S. M. que acababa de llegar de Dueñas, donde estaba hospedado el consejo real, y el de la inquisicion, tenia la morada frente al susodicho templo; acaeció que no dormio à aquellas horas, y como en el silencio dela noche oiese abrir las puertas de la iglesia, se puso a acechar por si algo podia descubrir, y despues que vio lo que hemos narrado, y algo de lo que a narrar vamos, fuese a avisar á Juan de Nevares, que era Alcalde aquel año, para que sorprendiese á los que el tenia por malhechores y diese cuenta de todo al Señor Emperador que, por temor de la peste se hallaba á la sazón en aquella ciudad.

Por el un extremo de la plaza del Azafranal entraron con paso bastante acelerado dos hombres llevando un bulto con cuidado sumó: iban detras otros dos hombres, de quienes el lento andar manifestaba la tristeza y el dolor de todos cuatro, que iban muy embozados: llegaron à la iglesia, empujaron la puerta, y el verse dentro la cerraron con llave y cerrojos, y he aquí lo que allí pasó.

En frente del Altar de “Nuestra Señora de los Afligidos habia una mesa cubierta, y encima de ella se colocó el bulto que los dos hombres llevaban, y ese bulto era—— el cadaver de una muger, joven y hermosa. Su rostro estaba descubierto, y uno de los ultimos llegados, mozo de mas de treinta años, miraba sus cardenos labios y desencajado rostro con el ansia de la desesperacion.

Dos hombres entre tanto abrian un sepulcro; y otro, que era preste y tenia estola al cuello, leia, con

gran devocion, oraciones que debian ser discargo á los pecados de la muerta. El infeliz doliente á cada instante se enternicia mas; hasta que al fin prorumpió en amargos lloros. El preste permanecia sereno, y cuando hubo concluido sus plegarias, hizo seña que arrojasen el cadaver á la huesa. Entonces fué cuando levantándose de repente el afligido amante ó esposo, se arrojó al cuello de la difunta sin quererse apartar de ella vertiendo copiosas lagrimas. Nadie se atrevió á separalo de allí; solo el preste, que llevaba habitos morados y cruz de brillantes, se acercó y le dijo con serenidad. “Dios es el rey de los reyes,” agarro el cadaver y lo echó en el hoyo.—“Requiescat in pace,” dijo y cubrió su rostro con tierra.

En la misma capilla habia una pila de bautizar; . . . todos se acercaron á ella. Uno de los acompañantes saco de debajo de su capa una niña, medio muerta, y el preste arrojó sobre ella agua sal y bendiciones, y despues dijo al afligido mancebo. “Como se ha de “Llamar.” Juana, como su abuela,—contesto el otro. Y el de los habitos morados puso por nombre, “Juana,” á la criatura.

Despues se fueron todos á las gradas del altar de nuestra Señora, y el sacerdote les echo la bendicion.—Levantaronse en seguido: y se dirigieron á la puerta donde habian entrado. Abriola el Sacristan, y al querer salir todos, grito una voz harto conocida. “Alto ahi,” y muchos ballesteros se pusieron delante.

Entonces el que habia llorado en el templo dijo. “Que venga á mi “Juan de Nevares,” y Juan de

Nevares, que era quien hablado habia, se le acerco.— Desembozóse el mancebo, y le pregunto.” “Me conoceis? A lo cual respondió el alcalde.” Dios mio? El Señor Emperador.” “Silencio,” dijo el otro hombre, y desaparecio con los suyos.

Pocos dias despues, fué presentado á su Santidad para el arzobispado de Santiago Don Pedro Sarmiento, obispo de Palencia, que fué quien absolvió al alcalde Ronquillo, el que dio garrote al buen Acuña, obispo de Zamora; pocos dias despues Juan de Nevares, subia la cuesta de Dueñas honrado con el titulo de familiar de la Santa inquisicion; pocos dias despues Don Juan de Guevará y Camargo tuvo que ir á Paredes de Nova, donde estaban los embajadores; pocos dias despues, Don Fernando de Alarcon fué á Becerril de Campos, donde estaba aposentado el con-sejo de hacienda y el de la Emperatriz..... Y no muchos años despues se reunieron otra vez todos, en el infierno.



## TO RALOUKA.

---

THE rosy taste of pleasure's perfum'd draught  
Bequeaths its odour to the palate sweet,  
And when entire the potion has been quaff't  
Its primitive impressions after meet  
At fountain head of pleasure, there to greet  
The memory of enjoyments passed away,  
Which yet exist ideal, though the fleet  
Passage of time steals o'er them,—as I stray  
Remembrance of past hours with thee inspires my Lay.

The throbbing heart, the melting eye,  
And pangs without relief,  
The fever'd pulse, the rising sigh,—  
The constant train of grief.

These woes on lovers young attend,  
Still happy in their state,  
Time gaily brings to them a friend,  
And years may change their fate.

The halcyon spring of life has joy,  
When blackest prospects lower ;  
For brighter morns young minds employ.  
The sufferings of the hour.

And as the flower with evening dew  
Which shrunk, conceals its head,  
Will sure again, with rosy hue,  
A morning fragrance shed.

So happy they with freer will,  
Retread the mazy round  
Of quicken'd impulse, and are still  
The lords of fairy ground.

But when with age our forces fail  
Dull must each spirit burn,  
Changed in the body, cold and pale,  
Like ashes in an urn.

For us no more will beauty smile,  
Or if it smile, the heart  
Will find of love alone the guile,  
Nought left it, but the smart.



Then ruthless years steal, one by one,  
Illusion, health and force,  
And every newly-sinking sun  
Bears on a fresh remorse.

Yet let that face divine and pure,  
That form which all endears,  
Live in my mind, and not endure  
The wasting course of years.

As crysolite in lucid shell  
Retain the freshest hue,  
And fixed by fancy's magic spell,  
Exist for ever new.

Steal o'er my dreams, dwell in my eye  
When fancy roams again,  
To spots it loves, and hover nigh  
The soothing nurse in pain.

An angel spirit, burst from clay,  
Bless my enchanted sight,  
Conduct me in its winged way  
And bear me in its flight.

To bright abodes and radiant bowers,  
 My early days have seen,  
 Which yet by aid of fancy's powers,  
 Appear as they have been.

LADY, that brow expanding o'er my gaze,  
 Quells each conflicting passion of the breast,  
 Holding of love the transport fevered blaze  
 In deepest cells of sentiment repress,  
 As the stern iron curbs the charger's crest.  
 Although on me no more those eyes may shine,  
 Survey my lines, in humble mood exprest ;  
 While fate condemns me ne'er to call thee mine,  
 Break not at once a spell, a hope indeed divine.

When the sunk orb and harrow'd form appear,  
 Couched on the pillow of depairing age ;  
 Far from loved scenes, alas ! to me too dear :  
 And I anew turn o'er the distant page  
 Of past events, to once again engage  
 In recollections ;—and the blushes rise  
 Of an affection past ; then let me wage  
 A war with time, for thee my years despise,  
 And, youthful, view that form which with perfection  
       vies.

Helle ! thy waters flowing on,  
Bear me from love away ;  
The scene is changed, my dream is done,  
Again I wandering stray.

And whilst with crowds I smile in scorn,  
With empty mockers join,  
I may by fresh remembrance torn,  
Again for thee repine.





THE  
BRIDE OF PALENCIA.



ADELA of Dueñas, sweetest maid,  
Longs for her lover, and with doubt dismayed,  
Awaits his coming ; but 'tis tardy still,  
And love's delay is harbinger of ill.  
Discordant too with hers his lot of life,  
Spain's prince could hardly name her as a wife,  
Yet in her bosom dwelt such hopes, for all  
Will hope sustain, tho' reason's fabric fall.  
Ambition, cheat of truth, the fair incites,  
And to partake his poisoned cup invites ;  
Love holds his empire, fosters youthful fire,  
And fans the purple flame of fierce desire ;  
Sunk in her arms, the fav'rite speaks the truth,  
For who false vows suspect in early youth ?  
Adela heard " I love thee " from his tongue,  
Her heart responded, and she fondly hung

On those dear words, oblivious of the rest,  
Discarding every terror from her breast.

Oh when the youth, in passion's madd'ning hour,  
Sinks 'neath the force of love's delicious pow'r,  
And rocked in cradle of voluptuous care,  
Rifles the secrets of the enamour'd fair.

"Then dart into the maiden's breast, Oh fate!

"Thy vengeful steel, but not participate

"To him that destiny, too great the bliss,

"Did his existence end in hour like this."

Love, sweet delirium of affection pure,  
A lonely boon, not ravished from the poor,  
Which through the foggy mist of earthly sense  
Can godly evidence of soul dispense;  
In the light hours of boyant, guiltless youth,  
'Neath passion's mask, assuming virtue's truth,  
Bequeathing in a fond, devoted heart,  
Treasures which regal power cannot impart;  
Where all is realized the soul desires,  
And fraught with fire which heaven itself inspires,  
It spurns the world, and with celestial ray,  
Ethereal mounts, and bursts to living day;  
Too bright to dwell on earth above it flies,

For if it, lingering, dwells below, it dies.  
 The passing spring reminds that blossoms fade,  
 And summer leaves their excellence decayed ;  
 Thou fresh in youth eternal, fondly there  
 Rewardest mutual constancy of care ;  
 Restorest treasures lost, with added gain,  
 Imparting comfort to desponding pain ;  
 In reciprocity of mutual rest,  
 We taste the pleasures of thy high behest ;  
 And will our sympathies the token give—  
 We ceas'd to love but when we ceas'd to live :  
 So true as Memnon's statue to the sun,  
 Which faithful signal gave when shined upon ;  
 Turn as the compass, constant to the pole,  
 And prove the impulse of the loving soul.

The beauteous shepherdess, by zephyrs fanned,  
 Portioned her flocks repast with gentle hand ;  
 Sounds thro' the thicket, in " Adela " greet  
 Her ear, and sinks her lover at her feet.  
 But why the gloom express'd upon his brow ?  
 'The moment choice for love presented now.  
 " Is it enchantment which deludes my sight,"  
 She said, " or is your love a feigned delight ?

" In former times all ardour and all joy,  
 " Stol'n moments scarce sufficed you to employ  
 " Your blandishments; alas! whence comes the change?  
 " Can your false passion to another range?  
 " Is your Adela then no longer prized—  
 " Heart, beauty gone, her constancy despised?  
 " Ah! no, my love: forbid suspicion drear;  
 " Let words of consolation meet mine ear:  
 " True to the joys we often shared before,  
 " No niggard prove of their delicious store;  
 " Aware that you alone possess my heart,  
 " Disclose your own, and every care impart."

" Beloved Adela, in the sultry ray  
 " Of the high sun, proclaiming noon of day,  
 " I slumbered, and in torpid vision gone,  
 " Fancied myself in rocky wilds alone;  
 " Sudden dark clouds arise, and thunder roars,  
 " With lightning mixed, the angry tempest pours;  
 " I sink confused in misery and pain,  
 " But for a moment, to arise again.  
 " Nymphs now approach me in a blossom'd grove,  
 " And waft me through the liquid plains above;  
 " Surrounded by Aurora's purple light,



" I gaze down dizzy from the dazzling height,  
 " And see a white dove, on the fluttering wing,  
 " Descend precipitate, but quick to spring ;  
 " Again with eagle might, and o'er the plain,  
 " And hill and valley, its swift course maintain :  
 " My aching vision scrutinized the dove,  
 " And in its features recognized my love ;  
 " It pass'd me near, I vainly stretched my hand .  
 " To catch thee ;—and awoke. A heavy band  
 " Of care oppress'd my heart, and the dead weight  
 " Of omen's sinister I bear, and sorrow's height ;  
 " Unusual thoughts oppress me, with alarm,  
 " Of instincts sad, to thee foreboding harm ;  
 " As sun divides the clouds our hopes will care,  
 " The bright and gloomy all our fortunes wear."  
 Thus they discourse, when trumpet clangour rings ;  
 His arms victorious, Charles returning brings,  
 Files after files approach the narrow way,  
 And mountain pass bedeck'd in war's array ;  
 No time is left the pair for amorous sport,  
 A courier comes with greatest speed from court,  
 He bears paternal orders to the son,  
 To join his father ere the day be done ;

No option left the prince, he must obey,  
 The messenger admits not of delay.  
 Adela flies—her hand, a fond adieu,  
 She waves ere distance hides him from her view.

The lovers meet no more, time speeds away,  
 In year that passes, counted as a day ;  
 And time which changes in a varying scene,  
 Scarce marks gradations of its length between,  
 Of what is past and present, minutes gone,  
 Leave a memorial, but their note has flown.  
 Bowers formed for love less grateful covering yield  
 To autumn stealing o'er the silent field ;  
 And the dull lake receives the yellow leaf,  
 In mourning token of duration brief ;  
 The birds once merry in their springtide song,  
 Decline again their carols to prolong ;  
 The paly sun breaks through the silent grove,  
 As one who seeks, and seeks in vain, his love ;  
 The water rushes chilling from the fount,  
 And dewdrops splashing to the surface mount ;  
 Winter creeps on in venerable hue,  
 Successive seasons yield to seasons new ;  
 We linger on the spots we knew before,

But what we once have been we are no more ;  
 We look out strangely, and the altered mind  
 Finds the same scenes,——itself it cannot find.

PALENCIA now displays the festive scene,  
 And merry gambols vivify the green :  
 Hark to the neigh of steeds—the ring of arms—  
 The clang of trumpet—and the loud alarms  
 Of joyous troops—but not for war arrayed,—  
 They come with helmets loos'd, and slackened braid ;  
 Quick they disperse them o'er the festive town,  
 Some in light course careering up and down,  
 Recount their journey from Dueñas here,  
 While others busy dress the evening cheer :  
 These in a circle form the ready tent,  
 Those on more serious care of arms are bent ;  
 The greedy sutler opes his plenteous store,  
 And the blithe widow shows the housewife's lore ;  
 Some damsels, too, attend, for woman's care  
 Clings to us still—to every fortune share ;  
 And eyes were there that shamed the raven's hue,  
 And piercing fanned the flame which from them grew ;  
 Light forms were seen around in giddy ring,  
 And the wild warbler's voice was heard to sing,

While the guitar, responsively in air,  
Mark'd the full compass of the singer's care ;  
The fate of war, the soldier's busy life,  
The joys of conquest, and the pains of strife.

## SONG.

“ Dark as the cloud by thunder riven,  
“ The warrior bends his way ;  
“ Scar'd is the crowd by terror driven,  
“ And none to await him stay :  
“ Light from the steed he bounds to earth ;  
“ What land calls he his place of birth ?  
“ No, stranger, none, all I hold dear  
“ Are my courser, sword, and spear.

“ As the lightning flash which falls from high  
“ Is the bowman's dart in hand,  
“ Where the pile is heaped the victims lie,  
“ They mark the vanquish'd land :  
“ 'Midst the waving corn the deathblow flies,  
“ To verdant groves the arrow hies ;  
“ Lightly he carols, unheeding all,  
“ No friends or kindred wait his call.

“ With foaming steed and slackened rein,  
“ Who rides along so swift ;  
“ The freebooter’s brow will hardly deign  
“ To bend in his hardy drift :  
“ A sabre light he wields on high,  
“ Like mists from wind the tim’rous fly  
“ At his approach, he would ravage still  
“ Were his father-land the field for ill.

“ By fire and smoke you mark the head  
“ Of a band, to avoid in haste,—  
“ Tis the carbinier with dusty tread,  
“ Like the pois’nous wind of the waste ;  
“ But ere flash is seen, or sound is heard,  
“ The blow is felt, nor the victim spared,  
“ He leans on his gun, and he charges again,  
“ Tho’ dearest brother were newly slain.

“ Our home is the camp, our grave the heather,  
“ And alike to us is all ;  
“ Where the moor-bird wets his dusky feather,  
“ There seek us when we fall :

"Adventure's life, the fate of war,  
 "Of conquests great, the brilliant star,—  
 "Such are our joys, our being a name—  
 "We live alone in the tales of fame."

These were the sounds which dwelt upon the tongue  
 Of the rough songster and his list'ning throng,  
 But ere they died away, the martial air  
 Of Spain and Philip broke upon the ear.  
 And yet the prince appears not as he went,  
 His late return is mark'd with discontent;  
 Sorrow and grief were painted on his brow,  
 His cheek was pallid, and his features low :  
 Pages, once blithe, attend upon his rein,  
 But slow their steps, and slower still the train  
 Of Calatrava's knights;—for in the rear,  
 Palencia's bishop, with severest air,  
 Appears—fit comrade in the gloomy file,  
 Whose features ne'er relaxed in genial smile :  
 Absolved Ronquillo pressed upon his heart,  
 And thwarted justice barbed remorse's dart;  
 Not less the prince preserved a solemn air,  
 Who searched his look discovered secret care.

Say that the great are happy, that they feel  
Their bliss expanding from the public weal ;  
That as the people prosper, chiefs are glad,  
And from the nation's hope their own are made.  
So the bright sun, diffusing warmth around,  
Revives the products of the lazy ground,  
And gives to nature, ever on the wing,  
The fruits of autumn, flowers of the spring ;  
Then the bright element by man is blest,  
And, as a genial god by him cared ;  
Temples are raised, the victims smoke on high,  
And grateful incense rises to the sky,  
Yet far remote, he still pursues his way,  
Unconscious of the glories of his day.  
Thus kings, too high appraised above the rest,  
Dispense their blessings, and are often blest ;  
Yet could they feel the worth their stations give,  
No king would badly govern, weakly live.  
Remote position checks expanded sense,  
And visions darken in their courtly fence ;  
Small cares employ them oft, and sometimes crime  
Weighs on their souls, while baneful flattery's chime  
Rings in their ears, obstructing every deed,  
And good and bad confounds in faulty creed.

If Philip e'er had joined in others joy,  
Or sipped the spring of mirth without alloy—  
Lot scarce allowed to royalty, I ween—  
No passer now could judge it by his mien ;  
Yet tranquil was he, as in suffering still,  
He firmly combated revolting will ;  
Steadfast to outward gaze, he held his way,  
Nor deigned to stoop to grief's unmanly sway.  
As the firm patient oft expects the knife,  
Or stubborn waits the certain end of life,  
Serene, composed, but desperate in the depth  
Of resolution 'gainst approaching death.  
The voice absorbed in anguish and in ill,  
Will calm remain in sorrow's wildest thrill ;  
After much suffering, if afflictions last,  
What come appal not, for the first are past.  
The flower we snatch from off a parent tree  
No deadly change endures which we can see ;  
Its wonted sweets still grateful to impart,  
It mocks the fate that rankles at its heart.  
So more that mien serene, composed, bespoke,  
Than could be compassed in a casual look,  
The careless scrutinizer would pass on,  
And little gather from the mask of stone ;



In lengthened survey he might chance perceive  
Traces of grief it pain'd him to believe.

And Philip, slowly sinking from his horse,  
On foot, to gain the palace, took his course ;  
The almoners gave largess to the throng,  
Who kissed his footprints as he passed along.  
With him "Sarmiento" went, they reached the door ;  
"Now," said the king, "stern prelate, pass before ;  
"You who can counsel give that curbs me still,  
"Keep in your gait, pre-eminence of will."  
The bishop snatched a torch,—"I show the way  
"In this as godliness, if e'er astray  
"My prince declines, I dictate here perforce,  
"His every path secure in virtue's course :  
"This saving care my monarch claims from me ;  
"His soul unblenched I give, O God ! to thee."

Quick they ascend, and hidden from the rest,  
The closing door by iron bolt is press'd ;  
The crowd tumultuous raise the loyal cry,  
Thro' the thronged place the lightfoot rabble fly ;  
The guards approach, they check all further noise,  
To-night, it seems, 'twere sinful to rejoice.  
Soon all is hushed, the illumined panes alone

Cast chequered lights along the darkling stone ;  
A few hours more, and all is still ; the night  
Came on obscurely, and extinguish'd light.

Black and more black the clouds together drew,  
On flaky wings descended evening dew ;  
The fitful winds at intervals declared  
In partial gusts its impulse, and the herd  
Instinctive sought the covert and the brake,  
Their refuge from the coming storm to take.  
At moments dry, impassive, and with gleams  
Of silver brightness, shone the moon ; the streams  
Of water twinkled brightly, then the rush  
Of the strong breeze disturbed them, and the gush  
From every fountain-head came fuller on,  
And dwindled meagre as its force was done ;  
The mountain tops re-echoing to the roar  
Of distant thunder, seem'd to topple o'er,  
Their bases now obscured, now bright to view,  
Each undulation waved in morning hue,  
As if all feared the sky, and sought to hide  
Themselves ; their summits were oft-times descried  
Much nearer, by the flashes from above,  
Of lightning ; in compactness dark, the grove

Collected shone, as if to save its force  
 By union, and abide the warring course  
 Of raging elements ; the plains below  
 With partial gleams were lit, their misty shew  
 Was desert surface, and the pitchy hue  
 Struck horror to the sight ; the way-worn swain  
 From the drear scene affrighted speeds amain.

Oft will the warring elements declare  
 Prognostics of approaching crime, and where ;  
 Their conflict sympathetic leaves the note  
 Of strange intelligence remotely sought.  
 Portents are seen, and gloomily comes on  
 The day or eve of gathered mischief, soon  
 Are meteors marked, which tim'rous fancies own  
 Prophetic, the suspecting minds of all  
 Are quailed, and bent to their mysterious call.  
 Lakes crimson turned, of old, ere slaughters came ;  
 Hands blood distilled ere now ; and early fame  
 Records the sights of seers, the words of trees,  
 Phantoms in mists, and whispers in the breeze,—  
 Which tho' adjudged, as idle fancies hold,  
 The faith of men, are credited and told.  
 The human voice divine breaks forth from brutes,

And nature, startling at destruction, suits  
 Sometimes to change herself, and as she wills,  
 Expansive spreading, foreign organs fills  
 With new endowments, and swells up the mass  
 Of her intelligence, and holds the glass  
 Up to the sight, on which reflection dwells ;  
 Omens are gathered by mysterious spells,  
 And strange occurrences, like charms at play,  
 Hold o'er our plans an universal sway,  
 Which tho' we scorn to own, we ever feel,  
 They raise at once our hopes, then from our courage  
 steal.

Two columns rise on high,  
 And arches are descried,  
 The light from lustre nigh  
 Glances along the side ;  
 A seat with velvet cushion red  
 Is placed in sight, and full display'd,  
 Armorial bearings deck the front,  
 And Spanish castles frown upon 't.  
 Yet who are those who gaze  
 On one in mute amaze ?  
 A veil of black is thrown to her ;

Can they then move? or, was the stir  
 Of life withheld them as transfixed  
 By apathy, with terror mixed;  
 Inertia binds them, and the look  
 Is passed in silence, as each took  
 Not courage to proceed. I know  
 That cross of diamonds' sparkling glow  
 Shining from 'neath the purple gown,  
 As, with uplifted hand, the frown  
 Is sternly bent on those, who there  
 With features stiffening in despair,  
 With pallid cheek and humid eye,  
 Survey this pageantry.

And who is she who, lying low,  
 Couched on the earth appears,  
 Whose skin is whiter than the snow,  
 Hair dark as raven wears?  
 The beauty of her former face  
 Forsakes her not e'en now,  
 Despair itself can not efface  
 Those charms which mock its blow.  
 Sunk to the earth, she leans along  
 The ground, with outstretched hand,

Like to the swimmer's movement strong,  
 To, fainting, catch the land.  
 Her eyes are fixed below, she strains  
 Their orbits blenched and white;  
 And yet, by struggle fierce maintains  
 The deep internal fight:  
 Her mouth collapsed and cheekbones bare,  
 Scarce can an utterance wrest;  
 One single word her only care—  
 "My child!" her lips express'd.——

With rolling tears, in a continued stream,  
 O'er rigid muscle to the fleshy seam  
 Of the fixed visage falling, was the mien  
 Of one o'erwhelmed with deepest anguish seen:  
 His bosom's rise and fall appeared below  
 His garment, and the silent shew  
 Of grief contagious spread itself to all,  
 Efforts, were made, but vainly to recal  
 Their resolution—each concealed his face,—  
 While he alone, unmoved, maintained the place;  
 Heeding not orders, which he should obey,  
 Of friends who fain would hurry him away:  
 Yet would he move, but the collected weight

Of grief prevails against his nature's might ;  
 He knows himself at liberty and free,  
 Nor will its impulse to his deeds agree.  
 As in a dream, half slumb'ring, half awake,  
 We fancy efforts which we cannot make ;  
 The mind oppressed still combats with the force,  
 We aim at movement, but we miss its course.

Remote from strife, how peaceful dwells the nun,  
 Who counts her punctual labours by the sun,  
 Hails him at rising with maternal care,  
 And with her mates laborious takes her share,  
 Prepares the meal of poverty at night,  
 While orphan's prayers her ready pains requite ;  
 For her no fear exists, no cares annoy ;  
 Secure in duty, filled with holy joy,  
 What others covet is to her unknown,  
 O'er her no fearful passions empire own ;  
 Her soul impregnated with holy fire,  
 Surmounts the longings mundane thoughts inspire.  
 When blanched in white the priest exalts the host,  
 And the vain crowd in guilty fear is lost—  
 When the burnt incense, rising to the skies,  
 Salutes in clouds the dim expectant eyes—

When faint in mist the Godhead is exposed,  
 The world's injustice to our eyes disclosed—  
 When young and old, with reverence and fear,  
 Survey the wounds, the cross, the nails, the tear,—  
 Then not by her alarm is felt, secure  
 In virtue's path, she finds salvation sure.  
 Serene and pure, her day of glory shines  
 With undiminished lustre, it declines,  
 / When fault'ring force at utmost term of life  
 Proclaims the sign of yielding nature's strife.  
 New beauties are disclosed, the Lamb of Peace  
 Extends for her the world where sorrows cease,  
 For her celestial flowers eternal bloom,  
 And Eden's groves afford delightful gloom,  
 The blest, with reverence, hail her on her way,  
 While the rapt quires of heaven melodious play.  
 The vision now discovered to the eye  
 Points out each blessing on approaching nigh,  
 To the last moment holds its dazzling sway,  
 And lights her footsteps to the realms of day.  
     But lashed by fire,  
 The sister foul,  
 In torments dire,



Gives up her soul ;  
Her parching mouth no waters cool,  
At her approach is dry each pool,  
Cheated the sight, and mocked the lip,  
In burning fever turned to sip :  
In wells the drop  
Of watery spray,  
Her thirst to stop,  
Is dashed away ;  
Lashed by the demons, and exposed to scorn,  
Her mangled limbs by thousand whips are torn.  
The torments of sense,  
The anguish of soul,  
For her now commence,  
And ever they roll  
● To eternity. 'Midst fire shalt thou lie,  
If condemned to exist, but new torments to try.  
Her brain the spear  
Divides in vain ;  
Her heart they tear,  
It grows again ;  
Her limbs are cramped, nor do her senses fail ;  
Her forces sink not while she bursts to wail.

And how shalt thou, seducer, hide thee ?  
 Where is thy hateful bribe ?  
 Can royal pomp from her divide thee ?—  
 No ! share alike the hellish gibe.  
 'Midst satan's crew thy shameful corse,  
 Devoured by hell-hounds—greedy pack,  
 Shall e'en than hers exist in worse ;  
 For thee e'en angels pity lack.  
 Congealed in frost, exposed to shame,  
 Thine eyes and tongue are seen,  
 While all thy rest in burning flame,  
 The demons anxious screen ;  
 Those through the nerves impelled,  
 Transfixed on pikes remain,  
 As they in life sensation held,  
 In death the same retain.  
 Reprieve, if e'er thou shouldst attain,  
 One moment of thy strife,  
 Quickly again you share the pain  
 Of mental torture's knife.  
 Desires of lewdness, anguish dire,  
 A crime struck conscience, care ;  
 Renewed sensation, burning fire,

And anguish of despair.

'Thine eyes uplift' to heaven for grace,

Throbs of despair shall feel ;

At mercy's seat for thee no place,

Pierced by avenging steel.

Silence now reigns along that empty hall,

No shadows darken on the whitened wall,

Flown are the guests who peopled it before,

As thoughts in dreams we waking find no more.

When mental fulness weighs upon the sense

Of slumb'ring nature, and the thoughts intense

Are brought to action from their secret cells,

Sadly recalled whilst round them fancy dwells.

Words which expire in utterance, lights which die

Ere full disclosed, and evanescent fly,

Quick and etherial gone, yet scarcely born,

In other forms to fresh existence torn ;

We look for them, but all we can restore

Is troubled recollection and no more ;

Again we find them, how can any tell ?

An instant gives them, with a flying spell.

The moment past, in action as in thought,

Brings not again impressions vainly sought ;

Gone far away, a fresh event succeeds,  
As links in chains, and still connected leads ;  
In fresh emotions, as they rise and fall,  
A vision new is offered at their call,  
And in the mental conflict of the brain,  
The past we count not, nor can find again.  
Who now are those who lately darkled here ?  
What power can call them from their present sphere ?  
They vanish like comedians, when their show  
Of parts is played ; for them time ended now,  
Gone as they are, and vanished without trace,  
For memory only can assign them place.  
Stillness prevails, the silence and the dread  
Of loneliness is on it, and the tread  
Of passer-by responds unwelcome sound,  
Startling the stranger as he looks around,  
The buttress of the wall is grimly shown  
In dark compactness of cemented stone,  
And all that meets the eye is on the side,  
In few blank portraitures, obscurely eyed,  
Giving out features of a royal line,  
Vanished at once for ever, yet if sign  
Of animation did exist, 'tis there——

And they seem parted from the world, aware  
 At last of vanity, or pictured stand  
 Like shipwrecked strangers on a desert land.  
 Sceptres and crowns, a ridicule in life,  
 Are here a moral lesson, and the strife  
 Of blood-drained nations on the marble cold,  
 Alone has recompence, or story told  
 Of millions slaughtered. Where are gone the pair  
 Whom Seville sainted ? Seek them, stranger, where  
 The maggots play, their bones perchance remain,  
 And those dull paintings record to sustain ;  
 See what is left of greatness, treasures spent—  
 A little canvass by the tempest rent.  
 Oh ! let this task by conquerors be learned,  
 How little good have greatest laurels earned,  
 Save when to benefit and save the state,  
 That future ages may with pride relate.  
 High souls have lived replete with holy fire,  
 Pursuing objects of sublime desire,  
 Depressing factions, vindicating truth,  
 And fixing morals for their country's youth :  
 Nor for themselves, but with a nobler aim,  
 That from their own might spring their country's fame.

They knew full well, despising empty pride,  
 To brave the outcry of each mobbish tide,  
 That conquered millions but oppress the car,  
 Unless a cause be holy—just a war.  
 Of modern hosts, immortalized to fame,  
 We find, alas ! but one consistent name—  
 That name is “ Washington,”—for freedom’s cause  
 He bar’d the sword, maintained her sacred laws ;  
 Plucked from the depth of faction honour’s form,  
 And rode immortal o’er oppression’s storm,  
 Glory extended round his head her ray,  
 While at his feet corruption prostrate lay ;  
 Injurious Britain vainly traitor names  
 A hero whom the universe proclaims.

Far now away such thoughts, and looking thro’  
 Palencia’s streets, we hear the tempests blow,  
 The slothful guards approach the covered way,  
 And hide them for the long’d approach of day.  
 Say, in such nights are any found to rove ?  
 Yet these the moments for successful love ;  
 Young minds once loving every danger brave,  
 And dusky nights will oft detection save,  
 The power of cupid is most wondrous then,

Giving desired success in moments when  
 'Tis least expected. Not in perfum'd room  
 And lighted chamber only, but in gloom  
 Are his exertions crowned ; the willing fair  
 Will shun the light, and with her consort share  
 Pleasures which, brought to open day, would shame  
 Her thoughts to dwell on, or her tongue to name.

He who has gained the chance in fortune's game  
 To friend for friend another always name ;  
 Who to his share obtains a lovely wife,  
 We call him partner in the joys of life ;  
 While he less blest, upon the earthly ball,  
 Who once has loved, we yet our fellow call ;  
 But he who, ne'er a soul was mine, shall say,  
 Is weeping banished, and quick cast away.

In Spain, tho' heats oppress, tho' deluge pours,  
 Faithful to love, the swain his fair explores,  
 Beneath her dwelling, plies the tuneful art,  
 And paints the living passion of his heart :  
 Juan de Nevares pours the tender strain,  
 While howling blasts respond to him again ;  
 He courts a brisk Brunette with roguish eye,  
 Pleased with the flame she would not satisfy.

## SONG.

“ O’er my dull lute the south-west is blowing,

“ Its cords I awaken in vain,

“ And boist’rous the tempest is flowing,

“ Regardless, like thee, of my pain.

“ Far away is the form which I cherish,

“ For ’tis hid from my sight as I weep,

“ While hopes in their blossom thus perish,

“ Can my Blanca indifferent sleep.

“ O’er my dull lute the south-west is blowing,

“ Its cords I awaken in vain,

“ And boist’rous the tempest is flowing,

“ Regardless, like thee, of my pain.

“ As a globe, which celestially turned,

“ Still augmenting in splendour so bright,

“ Is the flame which like ours once burned,

“ But suddenly vanished in night.

“ O’er my dull lute the south-west is blowing,

“ Its cords I awaken in vain,

“ And boist’rous the tempest is flowing,

“ Regardless, like thee, of my pain.



- " Dull I contemplate the sea,  
 " While pants my fond credulous heart ;  
 " Alas ! 'tis forbidden to thee,  
 " Ungrateful, to share in my smart.  
 " O'er my dull lute the south-west is blowing,  
 " Its cords I awaken in vain,  
 " And boist'rous the tempest is blowing,  
 " Regardless, like thee, of my pain.  
  
 " To depart, is the task you approve,  
 " Yet while wandering still must the chain  
 " Of attachment condemn me to love,  
 " Though distant from thee to remain.  
 " O'er my dull lute the south-west is blowing,  
 " Its cords I awaken in vain,  
 " And boist'rous the tempest is flowing,  
 " Regardless, like thee, of my pain.  
  
 " United our wishes, by love,  
 " For each, if we mutually burn,  
 " My constancy absence will prove,  
 " And thine hail a faithful return.  
 " O'er my dull lute the south-west is blowing,  
 " Its cords I awaken in vain,

"And boist'rous the tempest is flowing,  
 "Regardless, like thee, of my pain."  
 Church of the "Afligidos," in thy fane  
 The wretched seek a long reprieve from pain;  
 The morn of sorrow to the sufferer brings  
 The night of peace eternal. There begins,  
 There ends each wish—there sink all vain desires—  
 There from the clay no more the soul aspires,  
 Through thy long aisles no flattering echoes ring,  
 No pageant for the world thine inmates bring;  
 The light, once mantling in the glowing frame,  
 Exists no more but in funereal flame;  
 Gone all the past, the future opes o'er time,  
 And nought is counted save the dreary chime  
 Of tongues which mark the minutes; now all seal  
 Accounts with the world past, if any feel  
 The impulse of existence, 'tis as told  
 Are fables, nor will sepulcres unfold  
 Aught to the living, and to those gone by,  
 Give but the lesson—"We are doomed to die."

Yet that such building still may please the sight,  
 And grandeur smooth the dreary road to night,  
 We mark the arch, the fretted niche sustain,

And India's glories startle from the pane.  
Here mitred saints in glorious colours gay,  
Transmit the lustre of resplendent day ;  
With orient pearls, on altar rich arrayed,  
The holy mother as a bride displayed,  
Diamonds her neck adorn, and rubies shine,  
With emeralds green in verdant rows combine.  
The sainted chalice shines in sculptured gold,  
And taper branches silver standards hold ;  
The frigid marble 'neath the-sculptor's knife,  
In figured saints propitious starts to life ;  
Heaven's precepts are displayed in flowered book,  
The magic glass returns the gazer's look ;  
The velvet pall is sea of rich brocade,  
On whose broad face heaven's choristers are laid ;  
Religion there appears a courtly bride,  
Mated with awe and splendour at her side ;  
The fretted ceiling, in fantastic guise,  
Is tortured to inlaid adjustments nice ;  
While cedar doors on subtle hinges swing,  
Ope and disturb not the collected ring.  
Here virgins tempt us in the painter's art,  
The meek Madonna woos the feeling heart ;

Saints, from the deserts snatched, appear in view ;  
 Martyrs, their super-human sufferings shew ;  
 Saint Jerome's lion opes his mouth to roar,  
 While doves of sweetest Candelaria soar,  
 Emblems of innocence, upheld in air—  
 They form a model for mankind to share.  
 Her downcast eyes the virgin mother opes,  
 The amorous girl to imitate her hopes,  
 Secure of lovers, if she catch the grace  
 Which Magic-Rafael gifted to the face.  
 Nuptials are there in Titian's golden hue,  
 While young desire awakens at their view ;  
 There more severe, Morales the divine  
 Recals to life the sufferers who pine ;  
 The martyred Godhead here afflicts the sight,  
 There smiles a face redundant with delight.

As in a garden o'er Cordova's brow,  
 With Christian weeds, where Moorish roses grow,  
 We see the thistle, odious to the hand,  
 Confine the jessamine, of odour bland ;  
 The crocus springs where nettles threaten ill,  
 And hostile oaks the honeysuckles fill ;  
 The sweetest thyme the lofty pine obscures,

And violets win their way where gloom allures,  
 The perfumed generation of the heath,  
 Spring at each instant in ambrosial breath,  
 And all combine to fill and please the sense,  
 Mingling with pleasure, yet a small offence,  
 Which by its presence gives excitement more;  
 And adds by robbing to enjoyment's store.  
 In fair variety delight we find,  
 And contrast lends contentment to the mind;  
 We dwell in retrospection on the mass,  
 The sweets remain and their opponents pass.  
 Juan de Nevares, tho' Alcalde loved;  
 And if his words had all his sufferings proved,  
 None was worse treated by the little god,  
 Nor more unjustly smarted from his rod:  
 Like cunning misers who no riches shew,  
 He hid his conquests from the public view;  
 No knives he dreaded, for he never told—  
 And damsels prize who can a secret hold;  
 Strict as a lawyer, as a courtier kind,  
 His heart for duties both could entry find;  
 Not in devotion did he seek the church,  
 But to observe if stragglers, in the hush.

Of duty, any here might wandering be,  
 Or with mute conclave of the place too free,  
 Who fixed in niches, stand, and cannot cry,—  
 Wood gives no scream—nor tears, the glassy eye.  
 His strict attention calls the opened door,  
 He fain would enter and himself explore,  
 Seek to discover who might wandering stray,  
 Or there maintain a thievish nightly way.

Wrapt in their cloaks, two figures tall,  
 Athwart the gloom are seen,  
 They leant in silence 'gainst the wall,  
 Seeking in shade a screen.  
 A voice from yonder pillar breaks  
 In "San Antonio," and the word  
 Is quick returned to him who speaks,  
 And "Santa Maria" heard.  
 The wind blows loud, the spattered pane  
 Is dashed with showers of rain;  
 And not, although with night so rough,  
 To these 'tis harsh and crude enough—  
 Their minds so desperate now.  
 "Alarcon, if our bus'ness known,  
 "Is bruited through the town,

“Where is our honour—where our fame?

“How shall we save a tarnished name?

“Right ruined we I trow.”——

With cautious step, and measured tread—

With bending figure, as from dread—

A third draws near the two;

And from beneath his mantle drew

A bundle wrapt with nicest care,

As were some fearful mystery there,

Which destined to be hid from view,

He who concealed it full well knew,

Enough to be assured that none

Should venture it to look upon.——

If guilt was there that might appal,

’Twas to be saved and hid from all,

The public ne’er was doomed to know

What would not secret agents shew.——

The light transmitted in a ray,

Which indistinctly, and away

Far off appeared, left only mark,

In flash of day, across the dark

And gloomy group;—the pavement shone

With glimmering from the polished stone,

Above eternal shade appears,  
 Approximation little clears  
 The sight, and in the narrow space  
 Are seen the grate of altar face,  
 The hands or feet, perhaps, of saint,  
 Emerging from the dusty paint,  
 A crown of roses, or the thorn  
 By which the Saviour's brow was torn,  
 The sacramental table more,  
 The feeble light to show forbore,  
 As if expiring, and so low,  
 It gave just life-signs in its glow,—  
 'Twas 'twixt extinction and the first  
 Effort from darkness close to burst.  
 Yet in such state the mind would mark,  
 In passing, some impression dark,  
 And linger there to more obtain  
 Than careless survey could attain.  
 Such the mysterious meeting here,  
 Which little boded good, and there  
 Was room at least for passing dread  
 Of something done, which to be read,  
 Required attention. Sudden sound  
 Was faintly heard by distance bound.



A stifled cry, a scream that instant breaks,  
 From the prest frame, and last of torture speaks,  
 Leaving in utterance, as if yet untold,  
 What anguished nature laboured to unfold,  
 Torn from the heart, it came, and throbbing o'er  
 Its vital impulse, ravished from the core ;  
 A sound unearthly, just escaping life,  
 The last memorial of corporeal strife,—  
 It passed, quick gone, in silence and in dread,  
 No sooner marked than instantaneous fled,  
 Bearing, alas ! like desperation's war,  
 The certain image of the deadly scar.  
 When in the combat, once, for ever flown,  
 The hapless victor stands, and stands alone,—  
 Leans on his sword, surveys the fatal plain,  
 And longs the vanquish'd to recal again.

What more was there, can any living know ?  
 The fleeting sounds extinguished as they flow,  
 And yet they seemed so shrill to leave a trace  
 Which time or distance hardly could efface.  
 Ideas spring which we esteem are dead,  
 And in a broad expanse of thought are spread,  
 They strike us, and we feel them, unaware

How come, whence gone, but ever find them there ;  
 Lost for long hours, elicited they fly,  
 Like passing flashes to the startled eye ;  
 Strike on the brain with arbitrary will,  
 And spite of reason's power, command us still :  
 So oft on slumb'ring memory will break,  
 I ween, the accent of that fatal shriek.

Juan de Nevares calls his men,  
 'They come in ready train,  
 Placed are they in the narrow file,  
 And hid from sight, to mark mid while  
 What may occur, for any need,  
 Or face all dangers that succeed.  
 And useful these precautions seem,  
 For scarce had many minutes flown,  
 As if the stranger scene to crown,  
 Advance a group with care extreme,  
 They bear a heavy burden too,  
 Hid from the sight, and two by two,  
 With hatchet, axe, and spade,  
 The portal of the church invade,  
 The door already opens wide,  
 They soon all gain the pass inside,

And to the altar table go,  
Of "Nuestra Señora," show  
The object to the light.  
What is it less that strikes the sight  
Than female figure young,  
That still might seem to sleep, for death  
Scarce from those lips had stol'n the breath ;  
Still beauty, lingering, hung  
On that fair form, as if desire,  
The queen of love, could still inspire  
Not to depart, but tardy stay  
To watch her favorite away.  
Thus in our minds we shrine the former fair,  
Fresh beauty we admire, still dwells she there,  
Though sure no more the extinguish'd urn  
Of vital flame shall in it burn ;  
The gazer scarce his senses to believe,  
O'er the cold corpse would cease almost to grieve.  
Flowers fresh in dew, but chilly cold,  
Upon her breast are laid,  
As if they emblematic told  
The story of the maid.  
Fair and young, fresh pluck'd and torn,

They leave their sister-stems forlorn.

So she, snatched off in cruel hour,

A victim due to lawless power,

Torn from her family of love,

Of grief, the hapless tale to prove.

Adorned with black, and dark and dimly seen,

Appears the altar; and the gloomy scene

Of the last rites begins,—the stony bed

Is opened for the bride of death, on high

Is placed the corpse, and drawing nigh,

The crucifix is held by sainted hand.

While of spectators the collected band

Stands darkling over, and the weeping mien

Of one absorbed and woe-begone is seen.

A figure, too, stands near at hand,

With flowing gown and priestly band;

Dark Prelate! now I mark thee well,

Thy cross where diamonds shine,

For blackest purpose fitting well,

And blackest mind is thine.

Could not, then, wealth content thy soul—

Nor power's resplendent train—

Nor courtly joys which constant roll—

Relieve ambitious pain?  
 Has pity's voice o'er thee no power—  
 Nor sacred sex thy love?  
 Creation gives unenvied dower  
 To such whom nought can move.  
 Could faith and love, and virtue mild,  
 Not snatch from fate this helpless child—  
 Nor Philip's plighted troth?  
 Thy curst religion's crude command  
 Dooms her to death beneath the hand  
 Of Inquisition's wrath.——

No sound is heard save low sepulchral tone  
 Of deep devotion, and those joining own  
 Accents in each response of fervent prayer  
 By all upraised the parted soul to clear  
 Of frailty's fault, by her atoned the sin,  
 In other worlds will mercy's grace begin.  
 The gathered circle, with religious dread,  
 Lisp forth their supplications for the dead,  
 Sudden one weeping on the body leaps,  
 And, in a furious mood, his kisses heaps  
 Promiscuous, as if in greedy strife,  
 He sought to combat fate, rekindle life.

Now sobs and tears and anger sway, on death  
 He vainly wastes his spirits and his breath,  
 Striving, but penitence, alas ! is vain,  
 And memory opes the fountain springs of pain ;  
 To those who view the living and the dead,  
 She seemed to smile, and he to gaze with dread,  
 As if the last was wretched and condemned,  
 The first in better life had found a friend.

And as the nightingale, which fables tell,  
 Watches its consort rose until the swell  
 Of its full buds announces near the hour  
 Maturity has chosen for the power  
 Of ripeness ; then the little songster waits  
 With fixed solicitude, and anxious beats  
 His wings, to catch such moment, and away  
 From that fixed spot is never known to stray ;  
 But when 'tis past, and full in bloom his love,  
 Wafts in perfume her odour to the grove,  
 Then his laments increase, he fills the skies,  
 With piercing notes and love-lorn melodies.  
 So when reprieve from pain has blessed the one  
 We dearly cherish,—and for ever gone,  
 Enjoying peace above, denied below,

She claims the virtuous recompense of woe,  
 Her loss with deep distress we fondly wail—  
 But selfish,—for ourselves the tears prevail;  
 She marks us smiling in her bright career,  
 And points the way to the resplendent sphere.

“Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.”

“Stern prelate, ah! forbear!

“Is there a God in whom we trust—

“Divinity we fear?

“That angel form, that helpless maid,

“Wretch! am I cursed to live?

“For heaven formed, by me betrayed,

“Again, oh nature give.”

Low in the dust, and to that bosom clung,

Twisting the locks which from that forehead hung,

The lifeless form, the pallid sable brow,

Sink 'neath his grasp, all is resistless now;

The fingers bent, no more can movement make,

The twisted limbs no fresh inflection take;

E'en shame, that sweetest charm of woman, gone,

The corpse remains the senseless corpse alone;

Each stiffened muscle once replete with life,

Each vital impulse with exertion rife,

Confess what baffles all, what grandeur, power,  
 Ne'er could avert in monarch's latest hour.  
 Blind to the charms which halcyon beauty gives,  
 Death spreads his net, no more the captive lives,  
 E'en wealth, which all subdues, it will defy,  
 Instructing misers—"they are born to die."—  
 Yet to that bosom still the suppliant hung,  
 Beseeching utterance from that silent tongue,  
 Sought in those glassy eyes the looks of love,  
 And waited angel signals from above.—  
 The flowers expanded fell upon the stone,  
 Their beauty faded and their fragrance gone,  
 Each lightsome tone was hushed, distress and care  
 Invading all, impart their mournful air.

In hopeless agony condemned to writhe,  
 The lover sinks 'neath fellest torture's scythe.  
 Deeds of foul fame remain for ever here,  
 He who commits a crime must ever fear ;  
 Purchase of sin is gained at dearest cost,  
 And guilty pleasure in remorse is lost.  
 Those eyes no more could twinkle in delight,  
 They gave no comfort to the ravished sight ;  
 No more that bosom heaved with throbs of love,



Once soft as weightless plumage of the dove,  
 Those veins which, circulating then, and warm,  
 Lent animation to the swelling form,  
 All now were pallid, sunk, and senseless, low,  
 Save the funereal purple of the brow,—  
 Denoting violence and deed accursed,  
 On that fair victim's form had wrought its worst.

As when the lily, laid by tempests low,  
 Couches its head no more again to blow,  
 And all the fragrant family around  
 Are drooping seen upon the garden ground,—  
 So sunk the prince—his blanched and chilly cheek  
 Betrayed, too true, what mental tortures wreak  
 On the struck frame, the swelling breast to cry  
 Makes faint attempts, which in their utt'rance die :  
 'The trembling of the limbs, and clenched hand  
 Which closed remain'd, were able to withstand  
 The power of him who owned it, all in vain ;  
 At last he sinks insensible to pain.  
 Long now the prayers had lasted and the priest  
 In the full requiem concluding ceas'd ;  
 Alone he siezes on that dark-clad heap,  
 And quickly places it where doomed to sleep

It is for ever, with serenest air,  
 As though superior to such passing care,  
 Sprinkling with holy water, now, the grave,  
 To cleanse the body, and the soul to save,  
 And heaping earth, the mute attendants by  
 Quick o'er the spot the loosened stones apply.  
 All was accomplished, and regarding round,  
 He marked the prince, who finally had found  
 A vent for grief in tears—th' averted look,  
 Loathing his aspect, faithfully bespoke  
 Strongest aversion of such office done,—  
 And one who hateful was to look upon.  
 The prelate roused, commanding and severe,  
 Ordains his monarch to attend and hear ;  
 Words from his mouth imperious utterance take,  
 For ears unwilling such rude counsels break.—  
 “ My lord, arise, your friends attend,  
 “ And smooth that ruffled brow ;  
 “ To my commands attention lend,  
 “ And own your master now.  
 “ The church affords to all who court  
 “ It, safe protection and support ;  
 “ Religion can each crime atone,

- “ And earnest faith itself alone  
“ Will greatest sinner save.  
“ I bear dispensing heavenly grace,  
“ In me your firm reliance place ;  
“ I can ward off e’en censure’s word,  
“ Can ’gainst the enemy afford  
“ Asylum—in his grave.  
“ No earthly passion sways my mind,  
“ Firm in itself, and unconfined,  
“ ’Tis based on holy writ.  
“ Who seeks the church, the church can give  
“ Fresh conscience and fresh power to live,  
“ And holy bus’ness fit :  
“ Its walls to traitors e’en afford  
“ Security for broken word,  
“ Though to a monarch sworn.  
“ Who rank with guilt, appeals to me,  
“ Puts on the robe of purity,  
“ In innocence new born :  
“ For me no idle scruples wait,  
“ My actions fit for things of state,  
“ I, daring, all defy ;  
“ Firm as the adamant rock,

" I brave of public voice the shock,  
 " By it nor live nor die.  
 " The cross which here upholds the state  
 " Can vanquish every human fate ;  
 " But one alone I fear—  
 " Th' Omnipotent,—and yet I bring  
 " From him a station more than king—  
 " His legate am I here."——

We mark in lands where tyrants slaves obey,  
 The great of soul will rise above their sway ;  
 The mind enlarged and free, no empire owns,  
 Itself exculpates, and itself atones,  
 Light e'en in chains, disdainful of control,  
 Expands its impulse—the almighty soul—  
 Wings its proud way beyond the prison gate,  
 And soars triumphant o'er a fallen state,—  
 Indulges in each beauty most refined,  
 Free as the air, unchartered as the wind,—  
 Midst headlong havoc manly vigour wears,  
 And in the passing storm composure bears ;  
 While all that riches, all that power can give,  
 Is but to weaken nature, badly live,—  
 Nourish the vulture in the panting heart,

Perpetuate disease of vital smart,  
 Or victim of oppression's straightened strife,  
 Sink 'neath the vengeance of the assassin's knife;  
 Justice, which heaven awards the felon's deeds,  
 Springs from his crime, and taunts him as he bleeds.

The babe is brought from yonder heap,  
 So still it lies it seems to sleep;  
 Unconscious of so bitter doom,  
 If dull its eye 'twas not from gloom  
 Of its sad state,—maturing thought  
 Had not its sad position brought  
 Before its sense; but weak and ill,  
 It seemed as born to suffer still.  
 Sarmiento asks her name,—the other  
 “Adela, as was called her mother,”  
 Sobbed forth the while, and constant wept:  
 “Ah! true has she her promise kept,  
 “And cursed am I with furies' weight  
 “Of woe, and from the dazzling height  
 “Of heaven she points her hand to me,  
 “While opes before my eyes a sea  
 “Of burning brimstone, and the sire  
 “Of demons sails upon the fire,

"Ready to seize me, while that one  
 "Grasps forth to save me, and alone  
 "Combats the cruel burning strand,  
 "And safe conducts me to the land ;  
 "An angel now, she pardons wrong,  
 "As holy such to heaven belong."

The sacred drops bedew the little face,  
 And faith's true emblem holy fingers trace,  
 The crime to which she owed existence here,  
 United orisons combine to clear ;  
 The shrine is decked, the host is raised on high,  
 And in sweet odours streams of incense fly ;  
 All are baptised, all pardoned, and the sin  
 Washed from the conscience, spotless now within ;  
 The strangers bend in reverence, and away  
 Prepare to go ; the child in dull array  
 Of black is drest, as if unwelcome care  
 Its situation and existence share.

Poor friendless orphan, in baptismal pride,  
 No mother smiles on thee, and at thy side  
 No crowd attends in revelry and joy,  
 Nor maidens eye thee with affection coy,  
 When to their breasts the little baby hies,

And "Oh! may such be mine," each spinster cries;  
 Cast on the world, unknowing and unknown,  
 To thee will appertain its ills alone.  
 Where are the sponsors who for thee reply,  
 Explain each anxious movement of thine eye,  
 Anticipate the wish, the joys prolong,  
 Attend to worldly cares' eternal throng,  
 Ward off each danger in thy tender youth,  
 And train thy feeble plant with parent's truth,  
 Instruct thy mind till years have run their course,  
 Bestowing vigour with augmented force?  
 Where are the tender thoughts, the prayers above,  
 Directed by thy family of love?  
 No, not for thee are such, unwelcome heir  
 Of furious passion and accursed despair.  
 Dark as the moment when repress'd desire  
 Bursts from the soul, impregnated with fire,  
 When madness of intoxicated sense,  
 And fever riots in the mind, suspense  
 Of all control, in passion's giddy burst,  
 Thy fate was coupled to an hour accurst,  
 Sent here to share a heritage of woe,  
 Augmenting number to its list below.

" Quick to the door, our business done,  
 " Let us be gone ere day,  
 " The purple streaks of rising sun  
 " Thro' the horizon play ;  
 " The past is counted, and no more  
 " Should retrospective view  
 " Regard of what has gone before,  
 " Deeds which we can't undo.  
 " All now is counted into time,  
 " Detection gives no fear ;  
 " The grave no traces yields of crime,  
 " Nor notes of it appear ;  
 " She sleeps in peace, her course is run,  
 " Her sufferings and their sum  
 " Alike are secret, and from none,  
 " Save us, can witness come."  
 Quick to the portal haste they, and they gain  
 Its outer door, but yet their speed is vain,  
 A voice well known exclaims, " Be ready there !  
 " In the king's name, submit ye to my care !"  
 All start amazed, and present to their breasts  
 Twice twenty halberds pointed, in the rests  
 Of brawny arms, and sturdy mountaineers,



Check their advance ;—he who had wept appears,  
 Muffled and hid beneath his cloak, he calls  
 “ Juan de Nevares !” and the voice appals  
 'The one who heard it ; on approaching near,  
 He sinks in silence to the earth, while fear  
 Stole o'er the advancing guards ; no more the way  
 By these was barred, but open to the day,  
 Which genial peeped, as if it took no heed  
 Of things terrestrial, but had agreed,  
 Pleased in itself indifferent to be,  
 Blind to the human deeds it would not see.  
 The birds salute the ear, the dewy trees  
 Exhale their freshness, nature all agrees  
 In double beauty to replace the night,  
 And expiate its horrors with delight.  
 So change occurs in health as well as time,  
 And weather, sea, and air, have each a clime ;  
 Now still, now changing, nature thus sustains  
 An equipoise, and nothing fixed remains.  
 By various parts converging into one,  
 The revolutions of the world are done ;  
 Our human actions, changing with the day,  
 In various channels still connected play ;

These give again their springs remote, and part  
 As the sanguineous channels from the heart,  
 Sources of life and action thus maintain  
 Equal relations, and themselves sustain ;  
 That which in verge of being gives offence  
 Through the whole frame transmits the throes of sense,  
 As in a state where civil rights are dear,  
 And man is taught his country to revere,  
 The smallest insult by a foreign hand,  
 E'en to the lowest subject of the land,  
 Is quick resented, soon defiance flies,  
 And the whole body to the slight replies ;  
 Bellona's car is yoked, her steeds unreined,  
 Furious their course till justice be obtained.

Who lingers over Dueñas' thousand rills,  
 Which trickle constant from its verdant hills,  
 And views from far the extended plains below,  
 Will just discern where withered planetrees show  
 The whitened fragments of a ruined wall  
 Which still is standing, though condemned to fall  
 Ere long by time. 'Tis here to tend their sheep  
 The pastors hie, and as a signal keep  
 Its remnants, where in lengthened band,

The travellers resort, a spring at hand  
 Is ever found to flow, nor known to fail,  
 Though summer heats or winter frosts prevail,  
 By rustics named "La Monja," since the day  
 Gonzales' daughter had been known to stray,  
 Or had been stolen in such lengthened date,—  
 All are uncertain what had been her fate ;  
 Some to a cloister, or a court have said  
 A royal summons had disposed the maid.  
 But nothing more was known, save that her sire  
 Grew great in honours.—Those who would aspire  
 To favour sought him, for the monarch ne'er  
 Was found to hinder or reject his prayer.  
 And constant actions, mirrors of the mind,  
 Betrayed the secret, he had wished to bind  
 Himself in marriage with the girl he loved,—  
 A choice unworthy, by the world reproved,—  
 And that intrigues of court, with priestly sway,  
 Midst convent gloom concealed her from the day.  
 While since such period, stern and more severe,  
 His iron yoke e'en slavery could not bear ;  
 To view of others' sufferings callous grown,  
 He sought in general grief to sooth his own.

Yet did no more that child her comrades greet,  
 No more paternal looks her glances meet,  
 Silent her handmaids in the dreary hall,  
 No more "Adela," the responses call;  
 No more for her is culled the summer flower,  
 Nor favorite rose exhales its pleasing power:  
 That matchless form no more the perfumed bath  
 Receives, while laughing playmates garlands wreath;  
 The lively dance is o'er, the pleasing lute  
 And harp are still, who touched them now is mute  
 And gone; the "Patio," decked with posies neat,  
 No more is spangled by those fairy feet,  
 Perpetual night is spread upon those eyes,  
 The lips expand no more in gentle sighs,  
 The heartstrings of that bosom now are rent,  
 Vanished the fairy dream its being lent;  
 For ever cherished, as we call in vain  
 On thee,—sole echo, answers us again.

Wherefore art thou departed, lovely one,  
 Snatched ere the rosy boon of life was won,  
 No voluntary victim torn away,  
 Stol'n from us as an off'ring in thy May,  
 But sacrifice and expiation pure,

For those who linger, trials to endure ;  
 The dove of peace will harbour in thy breast,  
 And angels long to be by thee cared.  
 Those sparks celestial which from out thee shone  
 Have joined again the lightnings of their zone ;  
 Too great for earth, example that the best  
 Of spirits is in woman's name express.  
 Mercy and faith will vindicate their own,  
 And, love, thy ruin will for thee atone ;  
 Midst heavenly choirs secure eternal rest,  
 And recognise the lilies of thy breast.  
 Happy the spirits pure in guiltless years  
 Of youth and bloom, who quit this vale of tears,  
 Their mem'ry beams in distance and serene,  
 Like evening stars, irradiate, are they seen,  
 Hoping again to meet them, we revere  
 Their signs on high, and pray to bless us here.

Where are Alarcon and Nevares gone,  
 Palencia's bishop, and the hapless one  
 Whose mem'ry, sylph-like, hovers o'er us here ?—  
 Where is the mighty one of Spain—and where  
 The appanage and grandeur of his state ?—  
 Go seek them in the cloister's narrow gate,

Where sepulch'red are found, together thrown,  
The refuse which mortality has strewn  
In time's progression, and the subtle flow  
Of years ;—then ask the heart if solemn show  
Of final vanity and human wit,  
To you afford not lesson which be fit  
For contemplation. Hush'd the giddy tone  
Of fev'rish revelry, your thoughts alone  
On great eternity repose, in trembling pray,  
And seek assistance from devotion's sway.

THE END.

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## ERRATA.

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Page 21, line 11, for *omen's*, read *omens*; and for *height*, read *freight*

Page 27, line 18, for *king*, read *prince*

Page 30, line 6, for *winds*, read *wind*; and in line 19, for *morning*, read *mourning*.

Page 31, line 9, omit semicolon at the end; and in line 10, read *they* for *their*, and *leave* for *leaves*

Page 36, line 21, read *wrapped midst* for *lashed by*

Page 40, line 1, for *gone*, read *sped*

Page 52, line 9, read *The sacramental table—more*, omitting the comma.







